

# THE RCM MAGAZINE



VOL II CHRISTMAS  
Nº1 · TERM 1914



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# THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

*A Journal for PAST &  
PRESENT STUDENTS and  
FRIENDS of THE ROYAL COLLEGE  
OF MUSIC, and Official Organ  
of THE R.C.M. UNION..*

*'The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life.'*





## Editorial

*"It is a poor heart, and a poorer age, that cannot accept the conditions of life with some heroic readiness."*—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

If Time is to be measured only by the multiplicity of incidents which mark its passage, then, surely, the three months which have elapsed since the last copy of this Magazine reached its readers must be long enough to make this present issue seem much overdue.

Yet it is surprising how little the convulsions and upheavals of the European struggle have affected the calm stability of English institutions. Certainly the College has pursued the even tenour of its existence in a remarkably placid manner: lessons have been given and received, cheery people have met on the staircases, talents have expanded and personalities have developed with that finely regulated continuity to which we have been so long accustomed.

A few notable faces have been missed from the orchestra and choral class, reminding us that the spirited patriotism which has manifested itself amongst every section of the community has touched musicians in general and our ranks in particular. 'College traditions' have thus acquired a new significance, and we may be confident that these will be upheld as nobly in war-like avocations as in the pleasant days of peaceful conquests in the class-room and concert hall.

Elsewhere in these pages will be found a list of those past and present pupils who are already 'on service,' and it will be read with pride by all. Many will also be interested in the article describing the United Arts Force, which numbers in its ranks many of our professors and old and new pupils, who are, for various reasons, unable or unwilling to discontinue their ordinary labours.

Nor are these the only new channels of activity which the War has provided for Collegians. It would be ungenerous not to recognize the fine work of those who have done much to brighten the lives of our soldiers by giving freely of their best at Camp Concerts during the past term, or to withhold a meed of admiration for three distinguished old Collegians, Dr Walford Davies, Dr Vaughan Williams, and Mr Colles, who have so actively concerned themselves on behalf of "Music in Wartime."

The mention of Mr Colles's name prompts other thoughts, since no one who reads these lines will fail to realise that the polished pen which has given us so many apt and delightful Editorials is no longer available for the same purpose. A timely appreciation of our former Editor's great services, from one who is especially qualified to judge how much they were to be valued, appears on another page. A further tribute may be found in the happiness of his successor, who finds the whole machinery of the Magazine well-oiled and in perfect working condition. He knows already that he can count upon loyalty, kindness, and hard work from the Executive Committee, and upon a continued supply of excellent articles by Collegians, through which the standard of former numbers may be maintained.

Here, in the first issue under his control, is to be found a portrait of one of the College's oldest friends and most loved professors, Mr Visetti, who has most kindly had<sup>d</sup>a special block prepared for the purpose. The picture, it is certain, will be welcomed warmly, especially by the legion of Mr Visetti's old pupils, whose affection and loyalty are unbounded.

Thus begins our Eleventh Volume, in a New Year that is bound to be eventful for all of us.

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### Director's Address

SEPTEMBER 24, 1914

*"Now for our consciences, the arms are fair,  
When the intent for bearing them is just."*—SHAKESPEARE.

I am quite pleasantly surprised to find that I seem to have seen most of you before. I fully expected to find you overwhelmed by the dreadful topic which discomposes most people's nerves, and that even familiar faces would look strange. It is delightful to find such anticipations superfluous, and to realize that the College spirit is undaunted, and that you come together again with the same bright-eyed keenness as on ordinary occasions. Under the circumstances it seems an open question whether I ought to dwell upon the events which have moved the world so much, or discuss only such things as concern us at the College. Some very ideal people might say that I ought on such an occasion to devote myself to our domestic concerns and treat the great issues outside as if they did not affect us. But quite apart from the uselessness of being guided by fantastic abstractions



we cannot regard our domestic interests as being unaffected by the strange nightmare which attracts universal attention. For one thing which concerns us deeply is that quite a lot of our happy family party have been honourably inspired to go and chance the risks of military life; and among them are some very distinguished young musicians. I think you will like to know who these spirited young Collegians are, so I will give you the list as far as we have been able to ascertain it up to the present time, which is as follows:—F. P. Warren (Scholar), Violinist and Composer; A. Hedges (Scholar), Flute player; L. Dawes (Scholar), Clarinettist; J. Robson (Scholar), Organist; M. Bourne (Scholar), Organist; A. E. Bliss, Organist; K. Stuart, Organist; O. Stewart, Flute player; E. Moeran, Composer; B. Chapman, Organist; D. Chapman, Organist; M. J. Davidson, Composer and Organist; R. Evanson, Singer; W. Hosking, Singer; R. Parker, Pianist; F. Shera, Composer and Organist. From the office staff, R. C. Griffiths has also gone, and Miss M. N. Lean, Miss J. A. Middleton and Miss Dorothy Morris have gone as Red Cross nurses.\*

We feel a thrill of regard for them. It gives a comfortable feeling of admiration for our fellow countrymen when we see them moved by fine and honourable motives to face the awful conditions of modern warfare—to risk their lives, and sometimes even worse, for generous ideals. We like the College to be represented by such spirited young people.

But then we must also face the facts with open minds. The College in relation to war is in a different position from other educational institutions. Our pupils are made of different stuff from the pupils of ordinary schools. They are gifted in a rare and special way. Some of them are so gifted that their loss could hardly be made good. It would be a special loss to the community. They might bring special honour to their country by their special gifts, and if that were frustrated it is an open question whether the cost would not be too heavy. The world cannot afford to throw away such lives as if they were of no more account than lives which gave no special promise of a rare kind. Think for yourselves what it would have meant if Wagner had happened to lose his life in the Dresden disturbances in 1849, and the world had never had *Tristan* or *Meistersinger*, or the *Ring* or *Parsifal*. We

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\* A full list of names, as far as is ascertainable on going to press, will be found on page 28.—[ED.]

hear of Kreisler being in the Austrian Army, and Rachmaninoff with the Russians, and we honour them for their devotion, even if we think such beings should be set apart for other purposes. And we may have the feeling, parenthetically, that if they happened to meet in hostile squadrons the murderous frenzy of war would be stilled and they would fall on one another's necks instead of trying to kill one another. The claims of art would vindicate themselves as of higher cogency. There is too great a liability where a thing or being that represents spiritual value is thrown into the conflict of material issues. It is, indeed, a painful thought that a human creature, delicately and subtly organized for the spiritual needs of humanity, should be thrown into the vortex of savage slaughter. As if the spiritual qualities were of no moment at all! It seems almost as pitiful as sending highly cultivated and highly organized beings to go to work with the butchers, and slaughter pigs and cattle and amiable, playful little lambs, instead of devoting themselves to spiritual activities which will be of infinitely greater value to humanity.

But yet, on the other hand, we cannot help being very glad that musicians should show the same spirit, and show that their mettle is as good for strenuous doings as that of men of other occupations in life. No doubt the average silly notion has been that musicians are soft. It might have been so in this country when there was so much of the back street about English music. Now that music has come into the light of day here, and is cultivated by others besides the commercial classes, at both ends of the social scale, musicians are as full of courage and vigour as other people. But our feelings on the question are inevitably in frequent conflict. At one moment we are feeling joyful that the College should be represented among the fighting hosts, and then at another we waver and count the cost.

It is a bewildering fact that the people who offer themselves to such risks are often of the very best quality, and very often such as the world can ill spare; while numbers of those who do not offer themselves are mere loafers and shirkers who would be no loss, and would even be better and happier for being forced to face the guns and learn what a gain some experience of a really strenuous life would be to them. Again, we are glad that we have amongst us those mortals of the finer fibre, even if we can ill spare them. We must spare them if they are set on going, and we must keep a warm place in our hearts for them, and honour them to the full for



maintaining the credit of musicians and of the College in this fearful crisis. We must even do all we can to make it easy for them to go, and keep their scholarships waiting for them in the hope that they will some day come back ; and we must release pupils from their pledge to be with us for three terms if they have not completed them when the call comes to them to go.

But we shall do it with full recognition of the exceptional value of what we spare ; and also in confidence that they will go into the inferno of shot and shell with the same light-hearted gaiety that is so thrilling in the British soldiers and sailors. This parting with some of our best will bring the reality of the war home to us, and steady us, and make us think of all it means in a serious spirit. But there are plenty of other ways in which such a tremendous event must affect us. It is useless to try to put it aside. Apart from the mere daily excitement of war news, there is one great thought which overshadows all others. There is forced upon us the overwhelming and soul-shaking experience of seeing the downfall of a great nation from honour and noble estate. We cannot help recalling the splendid hexameter in our English version of Isaiah "How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" This is the German nation which in former times was glorified by producing some of the noblest minds that shone in the world of our Art. Heinrich Schütz, Johann Sebastian Bach, Handel, Gluck, Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms—the nation which has produced great poets, great philosophers, great scientists, great scholars, great inventors of things which have benefited humanity to the utmost. And now it falls painfully to our lot to see them commit the most gigantic crime that has ever been perpetrated by a nation in history—the wilfully sudden declaration of war against France, which they purposely made sudden in the hope that it would take the French unprepared. And we have seen them follow it up with a crime as base and hideous : the invasion of peaceful, industrious little Belgium, because they thought it insignificant and incapable of resisting them. And then we have seen them go on from crime to crime, throwing all honour and truth and decency to the winds—feeding on falsehoods, destroying things irreplaceable—insulting all intelligent humanity—wallowing in reckless infamy. Can this be the nation with a glorious past of thinkers, artists and heroes ? What can have perverted them ?

They have become a nation that hates ! The so-called philosophy that represents their present state is the philosophy of hatred and destruction.



We used to laugh at their much-vaunted philosopher Nietzsche for the concentrated essence of bitter spite which he expressed. We stared in bewildered incredulity at the text books of their War-lords and thought it impossible that such things could really be meant by any human being, however grossly perverted. Many of us thought they were mere eccentric individual aberrations, not in any way representative of the general opinion and feeling of the nation. I have my own confession to make. For I have been for a quarter of a century and more a pro-Teuton. I owed too much to their music and their philosophers and authors of former times to believe it possible that the nation at large could be imbued with the teaching of a few advocates of mere brutal violence and material aggression; with the extravagance of those who talked about super-morality; with the ruthless implications of their insistence that the State is power, and nothing but power, and has no concern with honour, right, justice, or fair play.

But we are painfully disabused. We are forced to admit that men who seemed to libel and traduce them have proved to be right. These seeming incredible theories of their prominent writers prove to be the present spiritual expression of a nation we once honoured, and many members of which we greeted with ungrudging friendliness. We know now that it is arrogance run mad. We know it is the hideous militarism of the Prussians that has poisoned the wells of the spirit throughout Germany—that it has poisoned them by cynical manipulation of the Press, and all the channels through which enlightenment can flow to the millions, for nearly half a century—by actually preventing their government-controlled newspapers from publishing truth, by cultivating the arts of false suggestion, and by holding up to general worship the fetish formula of "Blood and Iron," which has been their bane! We know now that if we cannot scotch the war-fiend the world will not be worth living in. We know too that we must be prepared for tremendous sacrifices, for sufferings, for losses, for terrible blows and anxieties. And we must learn to look them steadfastly and coolly in the face. So far as we have gone we must admit that we have been fortunate in many ways. It is far easier to keep an equal frame of mind when you are confident that your honour is so far without a blemish. We may justifiably be proud that we went into this war for absolutely honourable motives, and that it has proved that the things that were spitefully prophesied about us are utterly untrue. We can be proud to find



that Britishers can still fight and go into the fight rejoicing. Our soldiers and sailors have vindicated our honour magnificently, and if it had not been for our Fleet and the Army our enemies professed to despise, the butchers and brigands of Berlin would have been in Paris long ago, and all the northern French ports would have been bombarded and destroyed by their navy. We have reason to be proud, too, of the universal good-will which has been shown by the Colonies and India, and the cordial unity which the crisis has proved throughout the Empire.

These things the war has done for us already, and they create obligations. It rests with every one of us to pay willingly his share of the cost, and to keep himself in hand ; and if bad times should come, not to rush about like a lot of aimless distracted rabbits, but to show the calm and courage that is worthy of the nation. The courage we are called upon to show is that which will enable us to go on with our lives and occupy ourselves as usual, as if there was no dreadful and violent war going on. Do not forget that civil life and domestic life has to go on. It is much best that it should go on as far as possible as usual ; and that we should keep on in our several ways doing what is marked out for us to do with steadiness of nerve and even cheerfulness. It is a great comfort to see that the College can go on with its work in spite of such dreadful distractions : that there are plenty of people who are not reduced to idiocy by panic and do not want to sit helplessly doing nothing but groan and babble about horrible outrages and pour out useless imprecations against the Germans.

It is always bad for people's nerves to have only one subject that engrosses their attention. If we cannot find something else to occupy our minds now and then we run the risk of becoming monomaniacs, and spending our lives in hunting for the last silly rumour, and putting our faith in any nonsense that happens to flatter our hopes or excite our fears. It is for the honour of the nation that we should keep our minds duly balanced, and maintain the capacity to hold ourselves well in hand, and have patience to verify things before we allow ourselves to be carried away by the excitement that betrays people into credulity and hysterical folly.

I hope the College will set an example of self-possession ; and if, ultimately, the imperial bird of Prussia, which to me looks so much like a spatchcocked carrion crow, waves over our towers in the place of the Union Jack, all the people belonging to it will prefer extermination to submission ; and I confidently believe that if we have to stand in rows over

against the Albert Hall with files of Prussian soldiers ready to demolish us, we shall all look down the murderous barrels without winking an eyelash. But if, on the other hand, that hideous bird is duly and properly cooked, I hope we shall show none of that same arrogance which has caused it to be the most poisonous emblem in the whole universe, but display our victorious joy with modesty, and even with chivalrous courtesy to our enemies.

It is a time like this which tests the genuineness of our work. The art we follow is fit to be pursued and cultivated even by the side of the greatest doings of active life. Its highest guarantee is that it should be capable of being a divine consoler in times of most piteous distress. The trivial art of the superficial-minded may well be set aside at such a time. Even the feeble mind can feel its inadequacy. Perhaps indeed war may teach trivial people a little sense, and enable them to realise the futility of a life of frivolous and purposeless amusement. The great thoughts of real composers, to which we devote ourselves, are as valuable to the world as great victories. They are such spiritual food as keeps on lifting us into the higher spheres when great victories are mere memories.

But one may grant too that our art may be greatly inspired by heroism : not the fussy, aggressive, blatant heroism of the Prussian *Helden Leben*, but the heroism we hear of daily in stories from the front. Real heroism is chivalrous and frank ; modest and unaggressive ; cheerful in adversity and unboastful in success. True music can be inspired by such qualities, and when it really is so inspired it can convey a noble message to us. And we all in our various ways may contribute our little mite to the sum total of the heroism of the nation by the cleanliness and wholesomeness of our lives, by truthfulness and large-heartedness, and by going on steadfastly applying ourselves to the things it is our lot to do, and patiently denying ourselves the excitement of trying to do things we are not fit for and leaving them to those who are.

We may also remember that our devotion to our Art is one of the things which help to that better state of man which counteracts the brutalizing impulses. We know from such a book as Lieutenant Bilse's "*Life in a German Garrison*" what a shallow thing the boasted diffusion of culture by Prussia is : how militarism stupefies the privileged officers and makes them cynically corrupt and immoral, and how it debases the unfortunate private soldiers, whose destiny it is to be driven for the vulgar ambition of Prussia like sheep to the shambles. A truly independent



democratic spirit would not submit to such a monstrous system. And it is by encouraging the democracy to be independent and to take interest in things which make them reasonable and genuinely enlightened that such enormities and savageries as seem inevitable in warfare may be ultimately ended. All those things which encourage men to believe in mutual helpfulness, mutual appreciation, good fellowship, generosity of mind and temper, tend to the highest kind of real civilization. And in devoting yourselves to your art and fitting yourselves to make its highest examples understood and appreciated by the multitude you may help the world to escape from orgies of brutality such as are now going on, as well as from the unutterable stupidity and blindness which is the inevitable penalty men pay for worshipping false gods.

Just for the present you can also welcome your art as a relief from preoccupation in horrors, and as a safeguard against spending superfluous time in trying to devise language adequate to the situation. Do not be disheartened if the goal proves to be a long way off, and the progress to it slow. It is for the honour of the nation that we should not be impatient, but possess our souls with firmness in the hope that things will come right in the end, and with the resolve to use our own little opportunities so as to add something to the credit of the country in the million-faceted consummation which must be achieved.

Our College affairs may perhaps seem rather small beside the great issues of the day, but their real aspects depend on ourselves, and how we look at them. And in that opinion I must refer to things which concern us locally. We cannot tell at present whether we shall be able to have our Opera performance and our usual Concerts. We shall certainly try to have everything just as usual, and I have good hopes that we shall succeed. Several of our Professors, for whose ministrations some pupils are thirsting, are still on the high seas on their way back from South Africa, where they have been peacefully examining. Senor Arbos is at San Sebastian, in the North of Spain, where the War news has been so cunningly falsified by the Prussian newspaper organization that he appears to be uncertain whether College work is going on, and indeed whether there is still any College to come back to. However, he is pluckily coming as soon as he can to find out, and if our other Professors successfully evade the frolics of the Prussian cruisers and commerce-destroyers, we hope they will all be with us early in October.

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

## My Recent Summer Holiday in Berlin.

*"That man is most just on the whole, to every other nation, who has the strongest feeling of attachment to his own."*—MAURICE.

My recent summer holiday was spent in Berlin, under rather unusual but interesting circumstances.

I left England on the 10th of June, full of enthusiasm and wonderful visions of what I was going to see and do in Berlin, the great city of which I had heard so much, but, till then, not seen. I sailed from Hull, and had the most unhappy crossing one could imagine. My former character of being a splendid sailor was certainly lost on this journey, as I spent one of the most miserable nights of my life in crossing, and only towards morning, as we quietly sailed up the Maas to Rotterdam, did my usual good spirits return, and I was able to enjoy the pretty Dutch scenery. I had friends meeting me when I arrived in Berlin, and within a few days was comfortably settled down in Charlottenburg, the west of Berlin, in a thoroughly German "*pension*," kept by three good ladies of the solid Prussian type.

My knowledge of the language was very, very limited, and the first few weeks of my stay in Berlin, I must always associate with "*declensions*" and other abominations found in a German grammar book. But my patience was rewarded, and by the time war broke out I knew enough of the language to follow thoroughly the German side of the "*war*" question.

As my conversational powers got a little beyond the stage of only saying "*good morning*" and "*how do you do?*" I began to make friends with the different German and Russian girls in the *pension*, and together we "*did*" the usual round of sight-seeing in Berlin, *et les environs*. I will not describe the many interesting days I spent visiting public buildings, art galleries, and delightful little country places on the Havel and Spree, as the unusual part of my stay dates from the outbreak of war.

About the middle of July, war began to be spoken of as a possibility, but I do not think the majority of people took it seriously until the 31st of July, when the first free pamphlet headed "*Germany and the War situation*" was published and freely distributed in Berlin. A branch of the "*Lokal Anzeiger*," one of the most widely-read newspapers in Berlin, was directly opposite the *pension* where I was staying, so I never had any difficulty in getting copies of the different pamphlets directly they were



issued. Noticing the unusual excitement that morning, at the doors of the "Lokal Anzeiger," I at once went out, succeeded in getting one of the above-mentioned pamphlets, and read that "at the conclusion of a debate held that morning in the Chancellor's Palace, it was officially made known to the public that owing to the continuous, threatening preparation of Russia, the Kaiser declared Germany to be on the war defensive, and discussed certain measures of preparation to be taken, though not yet a general mobilisation." The same afternoon the Kaiser left his residence at Potsdam and came to his palace in Berlin, while the general public, evidently expecting a famine or siege of some months, began crowding into every flour and grocery store in the neighbourhood of Kantstrasse, where I was staying. I thought it most amusing to see taxi-cabs filled with flour-bags and boxes of groceries, while only the least minimum of space was left to the lady occupant, but it was even stranger to see men in the principal streets of Charlottenburg carrying sacks of flour on their back!

The following morning, August 1st, came the order for a general mobilisation: war with Russia was declared, and, for a time, common-sense seemed to disappear from the majority of people altogether. Having money to change, I went out to the nearest bank, and, after waiting over an hour, was lucky enough to get paper-money for my English cheque. Such disorder in a bank was beyond belief! It was ridiculous to hear men and women clamouring for gold, while the bank could only pay in paper-money, which most of them suddenly seemed to consider worthless, and only accepted after considerable plain-speaking on the part of the bank clerk. Many of the staff seemed to take the whole thing as a good joke, calmly said they had no gold, and continued smoking. This nonsensical panic subsided in a few days when people found that nothing was visibly changed by the War.

This same evening I went with German friends "Unter den Linden," the handsomest and busiest part of Berlin, extending from the Brandenburg Gate to the Royal Palace. From where I was living—"Savigny Platz"—the quickest and easiest way to the Linden was by City Elevated Railway to Friedrichstrasse station, about 3 minutes' walk from the Linden. The sights I saw at Friedrichstrasse station that night were rather alarming; luggage was piled up in every available place, even along the empty space between the railway lines. Outside the station is a stand for at

least two hundred taxi-cabs and vehicles, and yet, that night and the next few days, more than half of this space was filled with trunks and travelling cases, piled high one upon another. Russians and French must have left Berlin by thousands that night—our Russian girls from the “pension” went with only handbags—but owing, I think, to the firm belief that England would remain neutral in the War, I saw very few of my own countrymen travelling.

Leaving Friedrichstrasse station, we slowly made our way to the “Linden.” The crowd was so dense that I was twice lifted from my feet, and the rather alarming proximity of taxi-cabs and other vehicles soon lost all novelty. Soldiers in uniform were all over the town, and one, happening to knock me with his sword while passing, turned round and boisterously called out—his hand on the weapon—“it’s all right, *Fraülein*, I’ll be using it to-morrow and probably lying dead the next day.” This kind of reckless bravado and pride was visible in each soldier’s face and manner. I was relieved to get safely back to the *pension* without, as I feared, getting separated from my friends in the crowd, and practically spent the whole of the next day at my window, watching Russian men and women being mobbed on their way to the railway station. I do not think they ever received any serious injury—the police were always at hand, and once or twice I noticed German officers interfering and partly dispersing the unruly, over-excited mob. The feeling in Charlottenburg towards Russians was very bitter, as bombs were said to have been found in their possession, and “supposed spies” were continually being marched off to the police station.

On the 3rd of August we learnt that France had declared war against Germany\*. This of course had been expected, and did not cause the same amount of excitement as the declaration with Russia and general mobilisation had done. Being in “Unter den Linden” that morning, I watched a splendid parade of the leading Civil, Military, and Naval Prussian officers, dressed in their different brilliantly-coloured uniforms, on their way to the “Reichstag” building, where an important meeting took place, the Kaiser and Crown Prince being present. I noticed many of the officers seemed worried and in deep conversation one with the other as they drove past, taking not the slightest notice of the cheering crowds on either side. As I stood watching, I heard over and over again the question “what will

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\* An interesting sidelight upon German methods of circulating “news.” [ED.]



England do ? ” “ If she only remains neutral we are all right, but . . . ” and here someone else would break in and ask “ what could England possibly expect to get out of the war ? ”

People thought nothing at that time of discussing the latest news with whoever happened to be at their elbow : stiffness and *savoir-vivre* was entirely over-ruled by the excitement of “ War.” Rich and poor discussed it alike with equal enthusiasm, and being always with German friends, I mixed quite freely with the crowd, hearing everything but saying little or nothing. From the outset of war, I felt that Germany was afraid of England and her Fleet, and lived in the hope that she would remain neutral, though, strange to say, once England declared war, she seemed to sink into a little unimportant country in German opinion.

It was on the 4th of August we learnt that Sir Edward Goschen, the British Ambassador in Berlin, had given in his passes, after declaring England to be at war with Germany. I could never describe the excitement which this announcement caused ; Russia, France and Belgium were spoken of as being only puppets in the hands of England ; the great fault, the blood of the war was upon England, or, as many said, upon Sir Edward Grey alone. The 4th of August, 1914, was spoken of as “ the blackest day in English history.” The newspapers were full of accounts of England’s perfidy and treacherousness, and after repeatedly getting into trouble at the *pension* for trying to put England in a correct light, I soon gave it up as hopeless and became stolidly dumb upon the subject, and, as far as possible, deaf to the scathing remarks around me.

Soon after this, I began to “ pay my respects ” every third day to the local police-station, to have my passport signed. This was an entirely new experience for me, and I used to wonder what my people would think could they sometimes have seen me. On the 25th of August I was sent to the principal police-station at Alexander Platz, the centre of the town, to get another passport and undergo a cross-questioning as to my reasons for being in Berlin, etc. I was treated quite civilly, but felt rather relieved when I at last got out of the place, as it had rather a bad character in the eyes of foreigners, at that time. With the local police, I had one or two rather amusing experiences. Once, having forgotten to go on the appointed third day, I went the following morning, and was greeted with “ Well, Fraülein, why did you not come yesterday ? ” I replied, “ I’m sorry, but I forgot.” “ Forgot ? ” said one—there were always four or five

present—"but in time of war that is not allowed!" I smiled and answered, "but even in time of war my memory can play me tricks." I was then very sternly told that I had 5 marks to pay. I replied I was awfully sorry, but at that moment did not possess it. Another then said that as I was a student I had 10 marks to pay or be taken to prison. Still considering it as a joke, I answered, "Very well, I'll have to go to prison; it is not my fault I can get no money through from England." One of the police then explained that Doeberitz (one of the prisons in Berlin) was quite a nice place, and should I again forget to go on the proper day to have my pass signed, I would be taken there without any more ado. Another then asked "how I liked life without money?" I replied, "Thank you; not at all to my liking," and having got my pass signed, I left the room without waiting for anything further. Another time one of them tried to frighten me with a revolver he had beside him on the table, but I knew it was only a joke and treated it as such.

Since the beginning of war, I had received no news at all from England; my funds were getting very low, and at times I felt most fearfully depressed. My friends were very kind to me; so were the good ladies at the *pension*, but the feeling of being a prisoner in Berlin, perhaps not so civilly treated should things not turn out as Germany expected, would keep troubling me in spite of everything. Of course, we heard of all-round victories for Germany—it would take too long to enter into details about them—but there was always a nameless fear of what would happen tomorrow; besides, the incessant excitement preyed upon my nerves, I think, and the awful stories we read in the newspapers of how German women were being treated in Belgium, used to horrify me, and though I was always told nothing of that kind would ever happen in Germany, I often could not help wishing I was at home again, safe in the Old Country.

About the end of August, my parents were able to get news of me through a friend in Norway, who corresponded between us. The delight I felt at receiving a few simple lines telling me that all were well at home need scarcely be mentioned. Through the kindness of this same friend, I had a Norwegian cheque sent to me, which I got changed only through a misunderstanding at the bank. Quite naturally supposing I was a Norwegian girl, the bank clerk immediately took my cheque—I signed—and just as he was going to hand me the money he said in a friendly way, "are you going home?" Very thoughtlessly and stupidly I replied,



"No! I only wish I could, but you won't let me out of Berlin." He enquired my nationality; I replied, "English, of course," and wondered why he and his fellow-companion looked so startled. Before giving me the required bank notes, he came round beside me, and very quietly warned me not to say that I was English again in public, and not, under any circumstances, to try and change another Norwegian cheque, as it could not have been changed had they known I was English. I thought this very good of the clerk, thanked him exceedingly for his kindness to me, but, as I left the bank, I felt sure everyone in the street must be looking at me and thinking "that girl is a law-breaker: she got money under false pretences." My friends teased me terribly about this "conscience episode," as they called it, and though I laughed heartily with them, I used occasionally to wonder what would become of me when my present funds gave out.

The first week in September my friend in Norway wrote to the American Consul in Berlin, asking him to do his utmost to get me a pass to leave Berlin for Kristiania, as my parents were becoming more and more anxious about me. America had taken over all British affairs since war began, but in this matter the Consul was of no use at all; he told me very kindly but very decidedly that it was impossible for any British subject to leave Berlin at that time; he impressed upon me the need to go carefully about Berlin, and in no way give rise to the faintest suspicion, as Berlin was in a very excited, unsettled state, and upon the least provocation things might go hard with British subjects. I enquired when I might reasonably expect to get across to England, and was told "Oh! about Christmas, perhaps." This kind of thing did not tend to cheer me very much, though I often went into fits of laughter over the idea of being "a ticket-of-leave prisoner" in place of "the golden castles in the air" I had planned before leaving home.

Everything turned out so differently from what I expected; the town was decorated from end to end with flags; French cannons brought from "the Front" were on show before the Kaiser's Palace, while Belgian ones were in front of the Crown Prince's Palace, and in the open space before the University "Unter den Linden;" an excited crowd gathered day and night at the Crown Prince's Palace, singing patriotic songs and shouting to see "our Crown Princess," who is a great favourite in Berlin. I saw more of the Hohenzollern family than I ever hoped or expected to do in so

short a time. This was certainly a more interesting Berlin than I had dreamed of, but on the other hand the feeling of sadness, the sight of so much mourning, those lengthy "lost" lists in the newspapers, the sad stories told me by different casual acquaintances—all, all was so different to the life I had pictured to live in Berlin !

The sad stories I could tell are innumerable : one in which a German soldier in the fighting line, quite a young lad, was instantly shot down by order, because he pitied the French (thus read the report sent to his widowed mother, a relation of my two German girl friends), and was heard to say that he almost wished he was fighting on the French side—the losing side—seemed too terrible to my mind ! I was doubly horrified when two German ladies, hearing the sad story, remarked, " and quite right too." Patriotism, by this time, had become a craze, which blotted out every other kindly feeling amongst the majority of people.

It was on the 13th of September I first heard, through the newspapers, that a boat-load of English women and children were to be exchanged with German women leaving England, and the following morning I was at the American Embassy by 9 o'clock. But already quite a crowd had gathered, and for the next few days something after the style of a " theatre queue " could be seen standing, from 9 a.m. till about 3 p.m., at the doors of the American Embassy, waiting for passports being signed by the German Police Commandant, without which no one could leave Berlin. Through the goodness of the Americans, we British were saved a great deal of trouble with our passports and travelling arrangements, and have every cause to thank them for the kind and effective way in which everything was managed for us. The " Kaiser " of a large German hotel, near the Embassy, gave the use of certain rooms in the hotel for the extra work caused by British affairs at that time, and it was there we got our tickets a few days before leaving.

During the last week of my stay in Berlin, the good ladies, who did not wish me to leave the " pension," became very cold and unsympathetic. There were very few guests left in the house, and for one week they talked of nothing else but " mines " and sinking of ships : at least, whenever I was within hearing. They said it was madness to think of crossing the sea, and openly questioned my parents' judgment in allowing me to make the attempt. I was usually very frivolous about it, suggesting that



"bad eggs didn't sink," etc., and was told "not to be wicked ; life was too serious to joke about."

The day before leaving, one good lady very earnestly advised me to leave a certain piece of my jewelry behind, in case "anything happened to me," and she would send it through to my parents when war was over. This was almost too much for me ; the joking stage was past, but I would not allow her to think I was the least afraid, so quite quietly replied, "Thank you ; should anything happen to me, my parents would never wish to see the present they gave me again." She then thoughtlessly said, "Oh, well ! as you have always worn it, I suppose it would be nice to wear it to the end." I do not think the good lady realised how that might affect my feelings ! I knew there was a certain risk in crossing the sea ; my friends and acquaintances all tried to dissuade me, as the horror of "mines" was very strong in Berlin, but even in thought I had not settled the matter so definitely before.

The last Sunday before leaving, service seemed more than usually beautiful and impressive in the sweet little English Church in Monbijou Gardens, and I will never forget the kind way in which those who were staying behind—mostly men who were not allowed to leave—wished us travellers the best of luck, and sent messages with us to England.

I felt very excited all day, my last day in Berlin, and went nobly through the one or two trying "good-byes" from the *pension* ladies. The next morning, September 21st, I was at Charlottenburg station at 7 a.m., my kind, good German friends with me to "see me off."

The platform was crowded : we were four hundred women and children travelling, and quite three hundred friends and relations, mostly Englishmen who could not leave, were there to cheer us off. We forgot our English stiffness and formality for the time being, and when the order came to take our seats everyone was shaking hands and calling out "good luck to you."

"Passports, please." In a moment we joyfully produced our passports and tickets for the inspection of a solemn-looking German official, while behind him were two or three others taking a hasty survey of each compartment. Carriage doors were locked, and at 7.45 a.m. we were signalled off. Off, really off !!! Yes ! but all these men, our own countrymen, why were they not coming with us ? When would we see them again ? What would become of them now we were gone ? Would they ever see the Old Country again ? A hundred thoughts passed

rapidly through our minds. What were the thoughts of those we were leaving? If sad, they did not show it, but gave us such a "send off," one long-continued cheer as the train slowly moved out of the station, a perfect living picture of happy, smiling faces, amidst a host of waving handkerchiefs. A few minutes more and we were at Spandau, where the English prisoners were kept. The sight of a Highlander's cap at the window of a large stone building, which we naturally took to be the prison, was the signal for renewed, energetic waving. Immediately, from every window came the prisoners' reply, those not possessing handkerchiefs waved their hands and arms to us. What excitement, and yet how sad it all was!

We travelled most comfortably, by special train—400 women and children, with two American men as our sole defence.

Our first stop was Hanover, which we reached about 1 p.m. Here we were visited by more German officials, and then, much to our relief, the doors were unlocked and there was a general rush to the refreshment stall for "coffee," "coffee!" Before getting our coffee, however, we had to await the arrival of a prominent youth in charge of the milk cans, who, judging from his movements, did not take the subject of coffee as seriously as we thirsty people did. At last we were all served, had a walk up and down the platform, into the train, and off again. Much amusement was caused by the officials requesting every lady to take off her hat, as a rumour had got abroad that an Englishman, disguised as a woman, was escaping on our train. If such a person really was on the train, he must have been remarkably clever, as nothing was apparently found out.

Our next stop was at the frontier, Bentheim, where the German officials behaved, as they had done all along, with great patience and affability, only a small amount of our luggage being examined.

In a short time we were over the frontier, and drew up at Oldenzaal, in Holland, where we were most cordially welcomed by the Dutch people, and refreshed with hot coffee and buns. Everywhere the Dutch treated us with great kindness, always giving us a warm welcome and calling "good-bye" as we left. We pulled up for a few minutes at Amsterdam, then the Hague, and arrived at Rotterdam about 1.15 a.m. on Tuesday morning. No one of our party will ever forget the welcome given to us by the English colony stationed there; we were treated like heroines and given hot bouillon, coffee, sandwiches, English newspapers, post-cards, stamps,



large bottles of milk, and even "sea-sick" pills, which naturally caused great fun. We left singing "God Save our Gracious King" in a most vigorous manner.

Before we reached Flushing, we were given free tickets for breakfast and luncheon on the steamer; also telegram forms to be filled in, which, when handed to the British Vice-Consul on arrival at Flushing, would be immediately forwarded, free of charge. Just imagine our happy faces as we handed in our envelopes before getting on to the steamer at Flushing!

How cold and dreary the sea looked at 4 o'clock in the morning, and those mines . . . those cruel mines of which we had all heard so much lately in Berlin! We had a good crossing in spite of our fears, and showed great interest in a small coal boat which came alongside of us as we neared Queenborough, and one of the crew generously handed us what literature they possessed: a *Chambers' Journal* (date 1896) and a few old newspapers.

But here we were at Queenboro', with our own dear "Tommies" in khaki giving each one of us a round good old British cheer as we came smiling up the gangway on to the station platform. Then followed tea and buns, served by the delighted "Tommies," and more telegram forms to be filled in and sent home. There was a general scramble amongst the soldiers for a few German coins we gave away, "to spend when they got to Berlin," and then for the first time I heard "Tipperary." A happier, noisier party than on Queenboro' platform that day could not be imagined. Singing the National Anthem and waving good-bye, we left for Victoria, which was reached about 8 p.m.,. Here the most of us found friends awaiting us, and those going further on next day were also provided for.

I have never felt so proud of my country as during this journey, and looking back on the time I spent in Berlin, I do not consider it either spoil or wasted. My original intention of entering the "Hochschule für Musik" in October was out of the question when war began, but I learnt, besides the language, a very large amount of experience, and surely the journey home made up for a lot of dark days. Everything possible had been done by the British Government for our comfort, and the sight of crowds waiting outside Victoria Station to have a look at us, the Berlin refugees, was a proof of the sympathy and kind thought of "Old England" with her children in the land of the enemy.

M. E. C.

## The R.C.M. Union

*"The web of things on every side is joined by lines we may not see,  
And great or narrow, small or wide, what has been, governs what may be."*

—G. F. ROMANES.

### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting will take place at College in the Concert Hall on Wednesday afternoon, *January 20, at 3.30*, the Business Meeting being followed, as usual, by tea and coffee at 4.15 and a social half-hour of talk. It is hoped that as many Members as possible will be present on this occasion. Members are also reminded that if they wish to propose persons to fill the vacancies which have occurred on the Committee, and which are specified on the Agenda, the names of such persons, together with those of their proposer and seconder, should be sent, in writing, to the Hon. Secretaries, not less than seven clear days before the Meeting—*i.e.*, by *Tuesday, Jan. 12*.

### NEW OFFICE—IMPORTANT NOTICE.

An important change will be made at the beginning of January, and Members are asked to note it duly, in order to avoid any possible inconvenience to themselves. The R.C.M. Union Office at the College will be removed from Room No. 58 to *Room No. 19* and will be open on *Monday and Friday* afternoons from 3 to 4.30. This new Office will be a great boon in every respect, as the Society had outgrown its former quarters, and work had been carried on for some time under considerable difficulties.

### REFERENDUM ON ANNUAL DINNER.

From suggestions made last summer it appeared possible that certain members of the Union might wish to revive the Annual Dinner—a ceremony which had lapsed through lack of support. The Committee therefore decided to take a referendum on the subject, and cards were sent to all members of the Union requesting their views, the Committee resolving to give the Dinner if 100 members replied in favour of it, or if 50 would pledge themselves to attend it. The results of this referendum were striking, and should prove very helpful and instructive to the Committee in the future. The actual figures were:—In favour of Dinner, or Dance, 90 members; Against Dinner, 29 members; Neutral, 7 members; No reply whatever, 906 members.

### MEETINGS AT MEMBERS' HOUSES.

No meetings at Members' Houses have taken place during the Autumn Term, offers of hospitality not having been forthcoming, no doubt owing





MR ALBERT VISETTI





to the War. The Hon. Secretaries feel confident that members of the Union will understand this suspension of hospitality (so generously given in the past), at such a time as the present.

#### LIST OF MEMBERS AND ADDRESS BOOK.

We hope to bring out the List of Members' Names and Addresses as usual in the Spring, and shall therefore be glad if Members will kindly notify any changes or corrections of address which they wish inserted, *before the end of February*. Such notifications should be sent to the Hon. Secretaries of the Union, at the R.C.M. .

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS IN ARREARS.

As a certain lack of clearness seems to prevail with regard to subscriptions in arrears, the Hon. Secretaries wish again to draw the attention of members to the following regulations of the General Committee, *i.e.* :—

- (1) *No Magazine shall be sent to Members whose subscriptions are more than three months overdue.*
- (2) *Default of subscription does not constitute a resignation. Only those resignations can be considered as valid which have been duly notified in writing to the Hon. Secretaries.*

MARION M. SCOTT }  
A. BEATRIX DARNELL } *Hon. Secretaries*

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### An Omission

Owing to an oversight the photograph of the College Orchestra appeared in the last issue of the Magazine with no acknowledgment to the photographer. We apologise. Not for the first time we were greatly indebted to Mr Geoffrey Parratt for placing his skill at our disposal, and for his kindness and courtesy in allowing us to reproduce his work.

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### The Opera.

"HÄNSEL AND GRETEL" IN THE CONCERT HALL ON DECEMBER 7th

Upon the reasons which prevented the most charming German opera of modern times from being given, after the customary fashion, in one of the leading London theatres, it is not necessary here to expatiate. It says much for the resources of the institution in an emergency that the performance was possible at all. Of the work itself, it is, at this hour, hardly needful to speak. "Hänsel and Gretel" is, perhaps, the only opera in

which the methods of Wagner have been imitated with complete success. That Humperdinck's music owes much to the "Meistersinger" cannot be denied, but at the same time there is a constant simplicity of subject-matter and *naïveté* of treatment which is not at all Wagnerian. Wagner in his rôle of ponderous philosopher has, obviously, had no influence upon the composer, whose masterpiece has all the concise charm and delicate fancy in music that we associate with Hans Andersen in literature.

The Concert Hall of the College does not make an ideal opera-house, but a neat and quite ample stage was devised, and though shorn of the customary trappings of an operatic production, the delightful work was able to prove that it could live, move, and have its being without such accessories. The background of red curtains was not unpleasing to the eye, whilst the few necessary scenic properties and the picturesque costumes (kindly lent by Sir Herbert Tree and the Royal Opera Syndicate) seemed little out of keeping in their unaccustomed surroundings.

The performance itself was admirable. Much, of course, depended upon the rendering of the title-parts, and here Miss Ethel Toms as Hänsel, and Miss Bessie Jones as Gretel, both delightful singers and vivacious actresses, accomplished wonderful things. Hardly less important to the general scheme were the rollicking Peter of Mr William Allen (looking quite unlike the Falstaff of last year, but singing and acting even better than before) and the Witch of Miss Etty Ferguson, which was a vivid and exceedingly well studied character-sketch. In the smaller part of the Mother, Miss Helen M. Davidson rendered fine service, and the two little songs of the Sandman and the Dewman were sung with great distinction and charm by Miss Lillian F. Coles and Miss Rita Long.

The chorus, doomed for once to do "nothing in particular," "did it very well;" and as for the Angels, their graceful posturing, and the perfect management of their snow-white wings, prompted the thought that they might all be angels in very fact—which perhaps they are. The Orchestra, under Sir Charles Stanford's guidance, was admirable, and covered itself with glory, despite the prominence that the position in which it was placed rendered unavoidable.

The whole performance went with perfect ease and smoothness, and congratulations must be offered not only to Sir Charles, but also to Mr Cairns James, the stage director, and to Mr Harold Samuel, the chorus master, for their share in bringing about this result.



## College Concerts

## Thursday, October 22 (Chamber).

1. SONATA for Pianoforte and Clarinet, in E flat major, Op. 120, No. 2 .. .. Brahms
  1. Allegro amabile.
  2. Allegro appassionato...
  3. Andante con moto, Allegro.
 GEORGE T. BALL (Scholar)  
RENÉ S. CAPRARA (Scholar)
2. SONGS a. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen .. .. Schumann  
b. The Tryst .. .. Sibelius  
CHARLOTTE CUNNINGHAM (Exhibitioner).
3. QUARTET for Strings, in E minor, Op. 59, No. 2 .. .. Beethoven
  1. Allegro.
  2. Molto adagio
  3. Allegretto
  4. FINALE: Presto
 DORA GARLAND (Scholar)  
ELSIE M. DUDDING (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.  
REBECCA CLARKE  
HELEN BEECHING (Scholar)

4. THREE DONEGAL SONGS—
  - a. The Lover's Curse
  - b. The next Market Day
  - c. I know where I'm goin'
 MOLLY KEEGAN (Scholar) } H. Hughes
5. SCHERZO for Clarinet and Pianoforte, in B minor .. .. Arthur L. Benjamin  
RENÉ S. CAPRARA (Scholar)  
ARTHUR L. BENJAMIN (Scholar)
6. QUARTET for Strings, in G, Op. 10 .. .. C. Debussy
  1. Animé et très décidé
  2. Assez vif et bien rythmé
  3. Andantino, doucement expressif
  4. Très modéré, Très mouvementé et avec passion
 IVY WIGMORE (Scholar), A.R.C.M.  
MARGARET STODDART (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.  
SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.  
HELEN BEECHING (Scholar)  
Accompanists—  
CONSTANCE F. STOCKBRIDGE  
HARRY H. STUBBS, A.R.C.M.

## Thursday, November 5 (Chamber).

1. QUARTET for Strings, in F major, Op. 18, No. 1 .. .. Beethoven
  1. Allegro con brio
  2. Adagio, affettuoso ed appassionato
  3. Scherzo: Allegro molto
  4. FINALE: Allegro
 MAUD GOLD (Scholar)  
W. GEORGE WHITAKER  
SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.  
S. DOROTHY THUELL (Scholar)
2. SONGS a. Linden Lea .. .. R. Vaughan  
b. Orpheus with his lute .. .. Williams  
K. VIVIAN WORTH
3. PIANO SOLOS a. Prelude in F sharp major, Op. 28 .. .. Chopin  
b. Scherzo in B minor, Op. 20 .. .. Chopin  
HESTER M. BOLTON (Kiallmark Scholar)

4. SONGS .. a. Feldensamkeit .. .. Brahms  
b. Ich grolle nicht .. .. Schumann  
JOHN W. HUNTINGTON (Scholar)
5. ADAGIO AND ALLEGRO for Horn and Pianoforte, Op. 70 .. .. Schumann  
AUDREY COCKS-THONGER (Scholar)  
GEORGE T. BALL (Scholar)
6. SONGS a. L'amour dont je meurs .. .. De Flagny  
b. Sing! Break into song .. .. A. Mallinson  
ETHEL G. MITCHELL, A.R.C.M.
7. QUARTET for Strings, in C minor, Op. 51, No. 1 .. .. Brahms
  1. Allegro
  2. ROMANZE, Poco adagio
  3. Allegretto molto moderato
  4. FINALE: Allegro
 ELSIE M. DUDDING (Director's Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.  
DORA GARLAND (Wilson Scholar)  
SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.  
S. DOROTHY THUELL (Scholar)  
Accompanists—  
CONSTANCE F. STOCKBRIDGE  
HARRY H. STUBBS, A.R.C.M.

## Friday, November 13 (Orchestral).

1. CANADIAN RHAPSODY, Op. 67 .. .. A. C. MacKenzie
2. SONG .. Captain Stratton's Fancy .. .. Arthur L. Benjamin  
(First Performance) SAMUEL MANN (Scholar)
3. INTRODUCTION & RONDO CAPRICCIOSO for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 28 C. Saint-Saëns  
W. GEORGE WHITAKER

4. SCENE .. Wotan's Farewell .. .. Wagner  
W. TOPLESS GREEN (Scholar)
5. SYMPHONY, No. 4, in B flat, Op. 60 .. .. Beethoven
  1. Adagio, Allegro vivace
  2. Adagio
  3. Allegro vivace
  4. Allegro ma non troppo
 Conductor—  
SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A., Mus. Doc.

## Thursday, November 19 (Chamber).

1. QUARTET for Strings, in B flat, Op. 18, No. 6 .. .. Beethoven
  1. Allegro con brio.
  2. Adagio, ma non troppo
  3. SCHERZO
  4. LA MALINCONIA, Adagio: Allegretto quasi allegro.
 DOROTHY BOSTOCK (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.  
ADA LUCAS  
SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.  
JOHN K. SNOWDEN, A.R.C.M.
- 2 SONG .. Quella fiamma .. .. Marcello  
MYLIE EGAN (Exhibitioner)

3. SONATA for Pianoforte and Violin, in G major Op. 78 .. .. Brahms  
Vivace ma non troppo—Adagio—Allegro molto moderato  
ARTHUR BENJAMIN (Scholar)  
MARGARET LITTLEWOOD (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
4. SONGS .. a. Shepherd's Song .. .. E. Elgar  
b. The Poet's Life .. .. Frederick W. Taylor (Scholar)
5. PIANOFORTE SOLO .. Rhapsody No. 2, in C sharp minor .. .. Liszt  
DORIS FELL (Scholar)
6. SONG Where shall the lover rest? .. .. W. H. Hadow  
DOROTHY SMITHARD (Exhibitioner)
7. ORGAN SOLO .. Choral, No. 3, in A minor .. .. César Franck  
JOHN A. TATAM (Bruce Scholar), A.R.C.M.  
Accompanists—ALBERT MIDDLEY, A.R.C.M.  
CONSTANCE F. STOCKBRIDGE

## Friday, November 27 (Chamber).

1. QUARTET for Strings, in D minor, Op. 76, No. 2  
Haydn
  1. Allegro
  2. Andante o più tosto Allegretto
  3. MENUETTO, Allegro ma non troppo.
  4. FINALE: Vivace assai
 ELSIE M. DUDGING (Director's Exhibitioner),  
A.R.C.M.  
DORA GARLAND (Wilson Scholar)  
SYDIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.  
S. DOROTHY THUELL (Scholar)
2. SONG  
Es muss was Wunderbares sein Ries  
GLADYS PEELE
3. CONCERTO for two Violins, in D minor Bach  
(With accompaniment of Strings)
  1. Vivace.
  2. LARGO, ma non tanto
  3. Allegro
 DOROTHY BOSTOCK (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.  
AMY S. WHINYATES (Exhibitioner)

4. SONG .. Mignon's Song .. Goring Thomas  
ELSIE WILLIAMS
5. VIOLIN SOLO Concerto in E minor Nardini  
Allegro moderato—Andante cantabile—Allegro  
giocoso  
ELSIE M. DUDGING (Director's Exhibitioner),  
A.R.C.M.
6. SONGS Three Nursery Rhymes Herbert Hughes  
HILDA D. MORRIS
7. QUARTET for Pianoforte and Strings, in C minor,  
Op. 60 .. .. Brahms
  1. Allegro non troppo
  2. SCHERZO, Allegro.
  3. Andante
  4. FINALE, Allegro comodo
 KATHLEEN I. LONG (Pringle Scholar)  
MARGARET STODDART (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.  
EUGENE GOOSSENS, A.R.C.M.  
HELEN BEECHING (Dove Scholar)  
Accompanists—  
HARRY H. STUBBS, A.R.C.M.  
ARTHUR L. BENJAMIN (Scholar)

## Monday, December 14 (Orchestral).

1. OVERTURE .. Rosamunde .. Schubert
2. CONCERTO for Violin and Orchestra, No. 2, in  
D minor, op. 44 .. .. Max Bruch
  1. Adagio ma non troppo.
  2. Recit.: Allegro moderato
  3. FINALE: Allegro molto
 MAUD GOLD (Scholar)
3. AIR Esurientes implevit bonis (Magnificat) Bach  
MARGARET CHAMPNEYS, A.R.C.M.

4. Two Movements from Suite in B flat—
  - a. Scherzo
  - b. Alla Mazurka
 Herbert Howells  
(Grove Scholar)  
(First performance)
5. SYMPHONY, No. 1, in B flat, op. 38 Schumann
  1. Andante un poco maestoso—Allegro molto vivace.
  2. Larghetto
  3. Scherzo: Molto vivace
  4. Allegro animato e grazioso
 Conductor—  
SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A.,  
Mus. Doc.

## R.C.M. Magazine Editorship

"One

Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
A constant influence, a peculiar grace."—WORDSWORTH.

"On my troth," said the King, "you are very welcome: your arrival gives us much joy."—FROISSART.

Since the last number of the R.C.M. Magazine appeared, a very momentous event has occurred, no less an one than a change of Editor, Mr H. C. Colles having been compelled by pressure of other and very important work to resign the post on which he has conferred such distinction for five years. Everyone connected with the College Union and Magazine unites in an expression of profound regret at this news; of unbounded gratitude to Mr Colles for his splendid and generous services; and of very cordial welcome to Mr Thomas F. Dunhill, the newly inducted Editor.

Most people will recollect that the Magazine was founded ten years ago, in 1904, and had for its first Editor that brilliant and enthusiastic pioneer, Mr Aitken Crawshaw, then a student at the R.C.M. After five years of office, he resigned the Editorship, and the present writer well remembers the anxious consultations which took place amongst the Committee as to whether they might venture to approach Mr Colles. It was a



bold request, for he was already on the staff of the *Times* and a well-known literary man. How great was the joy when he acceded to it with ready kindness, and was duly elected Editor. This was in 1909, so he also has held the post for five years. It has been patent to everyone that his work has been of the highest, finest quality and of unvarying success, but possibly not everyone has realized what these long years of unbroken success have entailed upon him in the way of time ungrudgingly given, and work carried on in the midst of an extraordinarily busy life. From his charming "Editorials" to such small and tiresome details as finding suitable mottos or selecting type, every page of the Magazine has borne witness to his skilful hand. Yet since, from the very outset, he has always sternly censored any attempt on the part of his Staff to make known his good deeds, many of them have remained till the present in an official background. For instance, the Magazine has appeared punctually term after term, yet how many readers have realized that this was only possible because the Editor devoted a generous portion of his holiday-time to it, and carried on the work whether he happened to be in Switzerland, Ireland, Dorsetshire, or at a Three-Choirs Festival? Then there was the occasion when he travelled to Gloucester by an early train, spent hours with the printer, and returned to London the same day, all done solely in the interests of the Magazine; and another time when he edited the Christmas term number, perfectly undaunted by the fact that he was very seriously ill; while the latest instance of his devotion was the rescue of all the Magazine material this August from Germany, *via* Switzerland, France, and so home. Many people, if caught by a European War, would have abandoned the manuscripts, but not so our Editor. He brought them all safely to England, and the Magazine came out as usual, though only those who happened to be abroad at the time themselves can appreciate the full difficulty of the conditions. Is it any wonder that the officials and staff of the Magazine treasure these memories with many grateful thoughts, while they join with the wider circle of Collegians and the public in paying tribute to Mr Colles's outstanding literary gifts, and to the wide vision, balanced judgment, and felicity of phrase which stamp all his work. We marvel at the constant kindness with which he put these great gifts at the service of the Magazine for so many years, and feel that it is impossible for us to express the full measure of our gratitude. Perhaps it may be allowable to speak here of the open secret that he is now engaged

on writing the Seventh Volume of the Oxford History of Music, a highly important and exacting piece of work ; and is thus unable to continue his active connection with the Magazine. But the links with College and the Union still remain, we are glad to say, and warm indeed will be the welcome whenever he comes to the old place.

To lose such an Editor was a very serious thing for the Magazine, and the Committee feel they are singularly fortunate that so distinguished a Collegian as Mr Dunhill should have consented to accept the post. The new Editor is so well-known that it needs no words of ours to introduce him, but we can, and do, recall with pride that he is an eminent member of the school of younger British Composers, that he holds an important post on the teaching staff of the R.C.M., and that he has written *the* authoritative book on Chamber Music. We salute, and offer welcome to him with cordial gratitude.

### A College Roll of Honour

*Each of us heard God's " Come ! " and each was coming :  
Soldiers all, to forward face, not sneaks to lag behind.*—BROWNING.

The following Past and Present Pupils of the College have joined the Army :—

Bliss, Arthur E. D.	Hamilton, Vivian	Pitts, F. B.
Bourne, Humphrey S.	Hall, Alexander E.	Robson, John S.
*Brown, Eric F.	Harford, Francis	Shera, F. H. (Lieut.)
Butterworth, George	Hedges, Arthur	Stewart, Oliver
Chapman, Basil W. M.	Hosking, H. Noel	Stuart, Kenneth B.
Chapman, Donald J. S.	Ireland, Joseph	Taylor, Colin C.
Cooter, Eaton	Jones, H. D.	*Thomas, Spencer
Cumberland, Louis B.	Kitson, Antony B.	Toye, Geoffrey
(Capt.)	Le Cornu, R.	Warren, Francis P.
*Davidson, Malcolm G.	*Mackness, Claud P.	Watson, Albert V.
Dawes, Lionel F.	Mason, Edward	*Wright, Denis S. S.
Deane, James B. (Capt.)	*Mercer, Edward G.	Wynne, Warren
Dyson, George	Moeran, Ernest J. S.	
Evanson, Roger M.	Morris, R.	<i>Office Staff.</i>
*Foort, Reginald J.	Parker, Ralph W.	Griffiths, Reginald C.
Grinsted, F. H.	Peatfield, Thomas	Hatchman, John

RED CROSS.	Middleton, J. Alice	MEDICAL,
Lean, Marjorie N.	†Morris, Dorothy	TRANSPORT, &c.
†Lewis, Ida M.	Waddington, Barbara	†McLaren, Malcolm S.
	Wilson, Mrs Purcell	(Civilian)

\* Already at the Front. † Working in France.

This list is probably incomplete. The Editor would be very glad to hear from any readers who are able to add to it.



## The "Warranted Unshrinkables."

"Clad in wool how can we be worsted?"—ANON.

"Stop that talkin'; stan' properly at aise!"

Up spring our noble warriors into an attitude of qualified attention.

"Per—ade!"

Spasmodic jerk along the thin (nearly) straight lines: "attitude of attention" fully developed.

"Form—fours!"

A slight hesitation, then a convulsive heaving and shuffling, and this is almost accomplished.

The critical eye of the grizzled veteran responsible for our training rests for a moment on our manly forms. The usual number of our men having forgotten just exactly what to do, he gets excited. He shows plainly that he does not think much of us, and we are requested, politely but firmly, to

"Form—two—deep."

The alacrity with which this is done has an upsetting effect upon our Cicerone; he becomes possessed of a devil.

"Form—fours," "Two—deep," "Right," "Left—turn"—more "Form—fours," etc., etc., come rolling forth *allegro precipitoso*. In a little while the conclusion is forced upon us that our right hands are really our lefts, or that we have somehow become the proud possessors of two lefts or a couple of rights. These, by the way, are illusions to which many of our members still cling.

All the preceding twaddle is merely to acquaint the reader with the fact of the existence of that singular body of men, The United Arts Force.

Our dear old R.C.M. has sent its quota of sons to the fighting line; those left, who for some good reason cannot go, are snatching time from their musical studies in order to acquire the valuable knowledge of how to do exactly the same thing in exactly the same time and way as about forty other men.

If any reader should see, within a hundred miles of Piccadilly Circus, a body of curious beings in (more or less) white sweaters, they will know that they have seen the "Warranted Unshrinkables," so called from the general appearance of a hopeless washing-day which is presented by those same sweaters.

We number about 1,700 strong—well, fairly strong. The Royal Academy of Arts has been placed at our disposal for headquarters, and the assortment of artists gathered there at drill times is pleasing, especially in view of the rather blanketing effect of our “recognition” by the Government.

Between sixty and seventy have joined from the College—professors, students, and staff—and are assimilating the drill-book with much fervour.

We are afraid that some of our exercises are going to have a very demoralising effect. To see the gusto with which one of our highly-respected and kindest of professors skewers imaginary Germans, and the method he has evolved of using his foot for the better extraction of his bayonet, gives us an unquiet feeling. We feel that our “Very sorry Mr ——, but haven’t had a moment for counterpoint this week,” is going to be received differently, and some of us are not taking any risks. On entering his room in the future we are going to chat pleasantly for a few moments, meanwhile carefully moving ink-pot and other throwables out of reach, then (being on the side of the table nearest the door) we will utter our weekly joke and retire.

Our force is not taken seriously by the small boys of the community. On our route marches (a Sunday affliction when we discover ourselves to an admiring but doubtful public) it is very disconcerting—after a “God bless you, boys” from some dear mistaken old gent. has caused us to stick out our chests and work up a do-or-die expression—to hear some miserable little urchin yell, in the awful manner peculiar to the species, “’E don’t arf fink ’e’s a bloomin’ fighter, ’e don’t.” If our cultured friends would like to annex one of our peculiarly British institutions, they can have the small boy—we are done with him.

A large number of our men have already volunteered for active service when emergency calls. Being all artists—therefore all geniuses—we hope that they are going to show their “infinite capacity for taking pains” by the proper insertion of their bayonets into the tender parts of our enemy’s anatomy.

We hope still more that when “Cease fire” is sounded they will have proved themselves to be very much “Unshrinkable.”

R. S. C.

## The Royal Collegian Abroad

*"We in thought will join your throng,  
Ye that pipe and ye that play."*—WORDSWORTH.

### LONDON CONCERTS

**ÆOLIAN HALL.**—Two Belgian Concerts in aid of the Belgian Relief Fund were given under the patronage of His Excellency, Count De Lalaing, at the Æolian Hall in November. The following Royal Collegians took part in the first Concert, on Nov. 16:—Miss Florence Gardiner, Miss Margaret Izard, and Miss Rebecca Clarke.

**PROMENADE CONCERTS.**—The following compositions by former Royal Collegians were among those performed at the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts:—

Overture .. .. .	"Friend Fritz" ..	R. H. WALTHER
New Orchestral Rhapsody ..	"From the Prairie" ..	COLERIDGE-TAYLOR
"Conversations" for Pianoforte and Orchestra ..		H. WALFORD DAVIES
Dance Rhapsody .. .. .		FRANK BRIDGE
Symphonic Poem .. .. .	"Perseus" ..	EUGENE GOOSENS
"Love and Night" (from "The Birth of Arthur") ..		RUTLAND BOUGHTON

The following old pupils were among those who performed during the season:—The Misses Phyllis Lett, Auriol Jones, Elsie Dudding, Maria Yolland, Jessie Grimson, Agnes Christa, Gladys Raymond, and Nora Ford; Messrs. C. Warwick Evans, Ivor Walters, and John Prout.

### WIMBLEDON

An interesting ceremony took place on the Common on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 17. A large procession, including the Mayor and Corporation of Wimbledon, the Wandsworth Boy Scouts, and Red Cross Nurses marched to the "Old Pound," and there took part in the ceremony of the "Salutation of the Belgian Flag." Dr. Coleman Young conducted a band and chorus consisting of about 1,300 members. They performed the four National Anthems, and, amongst other items, an Ode especially written for the occasion by Dr. Young, in collaboration with Mr A. P. Graves.

### PROVINCIAL

#### TEWKESBURY

A Musical Competition was held at the Watson Memorial Hall on May 5 and 6, when Dr. Herbert Brewer was the judge. At the Final Concert the combined Village Choral Societies sang T. F. Dunhill's "Tubal Cain." Mrs Purcell-Wilson was the Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

#### TRURO

Miss Ada Thomas organized a most successful Concert here in aid of the Truro War Relief Fund and the Belgian Refugee Fund, and was able to hand a cheque for sixty pounds to the Mayor as the result of her efforts.

#### NORTHALLERTON

Mrs Charles Hudson played Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in G minor at a Concert given by the Orchestral Society in the Town Hall on April 27.

#### WINDSOR

The Windsor and Eton Choral Society gave a Concert at the Royal Albert Institute on December 7, at which Mr Plunket Greene was the soloist. He sang Dear's "Songs of the Open-air" and also songs by Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Chas. Stanford, and Dr. Walford Davies. Harp solos were given by Miss Marie Goossens.

The Annual Concert given by the Gentlemen of the Choir of H.M. Free Chapel of St. George and H.M. Private Chapel, Windsor Castle, took place on November 18. Sir Walter Parratt conducted the Glees and Mr Martin Akerman and Mr Geoffrey Leeds acted as accompanists.



The Amateur Madrigal Society gave their Concert on December 14. Part songs by Vaughan Williams, Chas. Wood, and W. G. Whittaker were included in the programme.

#### READING

The Berks. Symphony Orchestra gave a Concert in the Large Town Hall on Saturday afternoon, December 5, in aid of the League of Mercy Special War Fund. Mr W. H. Phelps conducted performances of Beethoven's Symphony No. 8, and works of Debussy, and Coleridge-Taylor. Lady Maud Warrener was the vocalist, and sang, amongst other items, a song by the late Giles Higgins, who was an organ scholar at the College. Miss Miriam Timothy played several solos on the Harp.

#### TORQUAY.

Mr Barré Squire, an old Collegian, is now leading the Municipal Orchestra at the Pavilion. At the Concert on December 3, Mr Harold Rhodes played, in conjunction with the Orchestra, César Franck's "Variations Symphoniques."

#### BANGOR

Mr Seth Hughes was the vocalist at the second Public Concert of the Bangor Musical Club this season.

#### LLANDUDNO

Miss Olwen Rowlands played Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasia" on August 29, with the orchestra under the conductorship of Mr Arthur Payne.

### COLONIAL

#### SOUTH AFRICA

MISS HELEN GRAHAM gave a Pianoforte Recital at the Girls' High School, Rondebosch (near Cape Town) on August 14, when she played three pieces by Brahms, Chopin's "Scherzo" and two Dances by Dvorak. She also shared in a performance of Brahms' Piano and Violin Sonata in A major; Miss Graham has just joined the staff of the School.

### LECTURES

DR. FREDERICK SHINN gave a series of Five Lectures on "Musical Appreciation" and "Musical Form and History" at the Crystal Palace on Saturday mornings in October and November.

He also gave a lecture on "War and Music" on October 29 at the Crystal Palace School of Music. Illustrations were given by Mr W. H. Reed and others.

Mr WM. H. KERRIDGE has given a lecture on "Russian Folk and other songs" to the boys at Bishop's Stortford College.

### CHURCH MUSIC

Dr. WALFORD DAVIES gave a series of three most interesting Organ Recitals at the Temple Church on Fridays, December 4, 11, and 18. The programme of the first Recital was, for the most part, confined to the works of Bach, and included the Concerto in G major (after Vivaldi) and the "Dorian" Fugue. At the second Recital Mr Samuel Dushkin joined with Dr Davies in a performance of Bach's Sonata in E minor for Violin and Organ and Vitali's "Chaconne." Sir Hubert Parry's Choral Prelude in G major on the "Old Hundredth" was the item of chief interest in the programme of the third Recital.

Mr HAROLD DARKE gave two Organ Recitals at St James's, Paddington, on Saturday afternoons, November 7 and 14, at which he performed works by English, French, Belgian, and Russian composers. Two Choral Preludes by Sir Hubert Parry were played at the first Recital, and a new Choral Improvisation on "St. Flavian" by Herbert Howells at the second. As a result of these Recitals Mr Darke was able to send a cheque for ten guineas to the Mine-Sweepers' Fund.

Mr SYDNEY SHIMMIN gave a Recital at Beaconsfield Parish Church on November 18th, at which he played two of Sir Hubert Parry's beautiful Choral Preludes.

Dr. WM. H. HARRIS gave a Recital at St. Augustine's, Edgbaston, on September 23 in connection with the re-opening of the Organ, which has been re-built by Mr Rothwell. He played Bach's "Toccatina and Fugue in D minor," and the choir sang several Anthems.

Miss OLWEN ROWLANDS gave three Recitals at Twrgwyn Chapel on October 9th, November 13 and December 11, in aid of the Mayor of Bangor's War Distress Fund. Mozart's "Fantasia in F minor," Parry's "Dundee," F. Bridge's "Adagio in E major," were included in the programmes.

A performance of Brahms' "Requiem" was given on December 4 at St. James's, Paddington, by the choir, which was augmented for the occasion by some members of the Bach Choir. Mr Harold Darke conducted, and Mr Eric Gritton was at the organ.

#### APPOINTMENTS

Dr. CYRIL ROTHAM has been made a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Mr IVOR GURNEY has been appointed organist of the Parish Church, High Wycombe.

#### MARRIAGES

Mr ERIC ROPER, on April 18, at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, to Miss Beatrice Winn Sampson.

Miss CONGREVE PRIDGEON, on September 10, at St. Mary-the-Less, Cambridge, to Mr Cecil Home.

Miss EMMIE GREGORY, on July 28, to Engineer Lieut. Turner, of H.M.S. Neptune.

#### BIRTHS

Madame SOUCHON (Miss FLORENCE MACNAUGHTON)—a son.

Mrs JOLLY (Miss MURIEL CRAWSHAW)—a son.

Mrs HARMSWORTH (Miss GRACE HUMPHERY)—a daughter.

Mrs THOMAS DUNHILL (Miss MOLLY ARNOLD)—a son (Jan. 5, 1915).

#### LETTERS FROM OLD COLLEGIANS

Mr Joseph Ireland, who is 2nd Lieut. in the 12th Battalion of Royal Fusiliers, writes from the Camp at Shoreham-by-Sea :—

You ask me to write a few lines about my experiences here since I became a soldier. Well, they certainly have been many and various. At the moment it seems funny to think that I was ever anything else, whilst, on the other hand, the idea of a steady-going singer rising from his camp bed at 5.30 a.m. to put his nose out into a dark cold morning is quite ludicrous.

We subalterns have lots of fun with one another, and various habits of former days get very ungentle treatment. The differing views on the matter of coiffure from the musician's and the military standpoint, for instance, are brought sharply, not to say rudely, to one's notice, and if one ventures in innocent lightness of heart to hum gently in one's tent, the descriptions of one's efforts by the other young gentlemen are weirdly pointed and unappreciative. At the very least one has disturbed some particularly ugly subaltern's beauty sleep.

On one occasion when I believe I must have been giving the whole camp an admirable example of nasal resonance, I was rudely interrupted by a whole crowd of them banging on my tent. What they had to say is better left to the imagination.

Nevertheless, I am having a really good time and am very keen on the work.

It is great fun having charge of a platoon of 60 or 70 men, and simply splendid when one feels response to one's efforts.

Mrs Purcell-Wilson writes from Tewkesbury :—

I am doing my share at the Red Cross Hospital here. Most of the wounded are Belgians, and some of their wounds are dreadful. We have seven or eight particularly fine British soldiers. Of course, music is very useful; sometimes they keep me playing over an hour at a time. One Belgian is very musical and spends all his spare time composing. He also plays the cornet particularly well, but, of course, having lost everything, he has no music. I have to improvise accompaniments as we go along. My Belgian soldier plays his cornet in bed and I am at the piano the other end of the room!



## OBITUARY

ALFRED H. LITTLETON.

The College has to deplore the loss of Mr Alfred H. Littleton, who had been a member of the Council since 1889, and had always taken active interest in the College and its welfare.

ALFRED J. MELLOR.

With great regret we announce the death of one of the most prominent of our organ scholars of recent years. Mr Mellor, who passed away on Nov. 2, after only a single day's illness, was a most promising pupil of Sir Walter Parratt's, and had already attained the great distinction of an appointment as assistant organist to Sir Frederick Bridge at Westminster Abbey. His presence will be very much missed.

CHARLES HENDERSON.

We regret to announce the loss of Mr Henderson, the famous tympani player, who had been on the staff of the College for a great many years. Several generations of drummers in the College Orchestra have owed much to his excellent instruction.

SYDNEY WALTER FERN.

Just as this Magazine goes to press comes the news of the tragically sudden death of Mr Fern, on Dec. 20, at the early age of 41. Mr Fern served the College for over 28 years with such constancy and devotion, and the work he did was so useful and far-reaching, that there is nobody connected with the institution who will not feel his loss acutely. He was, as everybody knows, the successor to Mr Hayles in the 'Front Office,' a post for which he was ideally suited. We can pay no greater tribute to Mr Fern than to say that he worthily upheld the Hayles traditions, and was as faithful and whole-hearted a worker as the College staff has ever known. He leaves behind him, as Mr Hayles did, an example of cheerfulness, courtesy and patience in the face of all the difficulties of an extremely arduous and responsible post. Everybody, from the oldest professor to the youngest pupil, will miss his presence, and all will join in sincere sympathy with the members of his family in their bereavement.

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**The Term's Awards***"In framing Artists, Art hath thus decreed :**To make some good, but others to exceed."*—"PERICLES."

The following Awards were made at the close of the Christmas Term, 1914 :—

## COUNCIL EXHIBITIONS—(£50)

Lily F. Coles	..	} (Singing)	..	..	..	..	£8
Beatrice Betts	..		..	..	..	..	£8
Ethel F. Toms	..		..	..	..	..	£8
Thomas Whitley	..	} Hautboy	..	..	..	..	£6
Dorothy T. Davies	..		..	..	..	..	£5
Alice E. Norman	..	} (Pianoforte)	..	..	..	..	£5
Marjorie B. Wills	..		..	..	..	..	£5
Bernard R. Shore	..		..	..	..	..	£5

## THE EDMUND GROVE EXHIBITION (£20)

Alice K. E. Pattenden

## THE DOVE PRIZE—(£13)

William R. Allen

## THE LESLIE ALEXANDER GIFT—(£21)

S. Dorothy Thuell. Timothy Toomey

## THE MANNS MEMORIAL PRIZE (£4 10s.)—

Herbert N. Howells (Grove Scholar)

## THE LEO STERN MEMORIAL GIFT FOR A VIOLONCELLIST—

Timothy Toomey



## Dates for 1915

### OPEN SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION

Last day for receiving application forms	Friday	..	..	18th Dec., 1914
Preliminary Local Examinations	..	Wednesday	..	.. 27th Jan.
Final Examination at College	..	..	..	.. about 24th Feb.

### A.R.C.M. EXAMINATION

Last day for receiving application forms	Monday	..	..	.. 1st March
Examination begins	..	..	Monday	.. 10th April

### EASTER TERM

Entrance Examination	..	..	Monday	.. 4th Jan.
Term begins	..	..	Thursday	.. 7th Jan.
Half Term begins	..	..	Thursday	.. 18th Feb.
Term ends	..	..	Wednesday	.. 31st March

### MIDSUMMER TERM

Entrance Examination	..	..	Thursday	.. 29th April
Term begins	..	..	Monday	.. 3rd May
Half Term begins	..	..	Monday	.. 14th June
Term ends	..	..	Saturday	.. 24th July

### CHRISTMAS TERM

Entrance Examination	..	..	Thursday	.. 23rd Sept.
Term begins	..	..	Monday	.. 27th Sept.
Half Term begins	..	..	Monday	.. 8th Nov.
Term ends	..	..	Saturday	.. 18th Dec.

